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ment; convert their ships of war into merchant-vessels, "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," and say to the wicked, fighting world, in manly and christian tones: "we detest war, we will have nothing to do with it, we do not hate our fellow-men, but love them, and we had rather bear their wrongs even than to do wrong to them;" I do not believe that there is that nation on earth so diabolically savage as ever to wish to molest us. I believe that it would throw over us a great moral shield a thousand-fold more effectual than war ever gave to any people on earth.

I would earnestly ask any man to point to a single instance in which this Christian practice has ever failed to give security to those who have adopted it. Certain am I that in all cases which have come to my knowledge, it has justified the wisdom of him who demands it of us.

Did not Wm. Penn, and his band of peace-loving Friends, walk in freedom and security surrounded by the war-knives of a murderous foe; simply because they were true to their Christian principles and would not fight? And were not those who girded on their armor, and depended upon their war-implements for defence, cut down without mercy, and their wives and little ones given to the tomahawk and the flames?

O, I am almost led to think sometimes that we have not learned the first rudiments of our holy religion! We have not *faith* in it. We dare not trust it. We feel safer even behind the musket and the cannon than we do reposing in the truth and protection of God.

Whoever may be our enemies, be they men or fiends, *love* will do more for our protection than *hatred*. The angel of peace will give us greater security than all the armed legions that can be marshalled by the war-god.

[From Douglass Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.]

**TO EBENEZER PRUNE, GROCER AND GENERAL DEALER, OF
THE TOWN OF NUMSKULL.**

DEAR EBENEZER,

Your letter came to hand. There was no fear of that. No letter that showed a man to be a fool, ever yet miscarried. And a pretty noodle your bit of foolscap paints you. What! you're glad we're going to have out the militia? You're delighted to find we've so much blood in us? Blood, indeed! What business has any decent Christian man with blood, unless in the way of black puddings?

Well, at your time of life, I didn't think you could have had the pipe-clay fever so strong upon you! And yet it only makes out a notion of

mine. You may begin with boys and lads, and teach them what's right and straight,—but it's plaguy hard to take the twist and crank out of you respectable middle-aged Solomons that *will* be fools, and still think you're so very wise, only because you're fools with a grave face. You say, the whole town of Numskull is ripe for war. Is it? 'Twould serve it right just to have one morning's relish of it. The mayor, you say, is very hot for glory, and the mayoress and her daughters dying to see the whole town in regimentals. If the thing could be done, I should like to have Numskull besieged, and the mayor's house particularly well peppered. 'Twould be a nice holiday, a capital sight for the rest of all England. I think I could arrange a very pretty day's amusement.

Let me see: we will begin about seven o'clock in the morning. The mayor is yet in his bed, lying on his back, twiddling his thumbs, and counting over his virtues. Whiz—bang—crash! A shell—fired by the Yankee Wholehog artillery—(they landed last night from the *Cashdown*, Pennsylvanian frigate)—falls through the roof—through floor and floor—carries away, never minding the mayoress's screams, half the state tester, leaving the mayor and his wife unhurt,—but still falling through dining-room and parlor,—and intent upon doing its worst, descending into the cellar, and finally dropping into a pipe of the very best beeswing port, just going to be bottled. Now, this bomb we'll suppose to be the first sugar-plum of war!

The Mayor jumps out of bed, thinking of his money-box, his plate, his bonds, his pipe of port, and his wife and daughters. The lady mayoress screams like—no, I can't think of nothing stronger—like a woman! And then her five daughters, all in their bed gowns and curl-papers, rushing in, scream too, to show the tenderness and the weakness of their woman hood. Now, Ebenezer, arn't all these creatures pretty hypocrites? I mean what I say—and I'll prove it.

Bless their little satisfied souls! how they do love the military, to be sure! What a beautiful thing is a review to 'em—isn't it? And how they'll smile upon cannon-balls as if they were things to eat—and how they'll wink their precious eyes in the breast-plates of the dear officers, more than if they stared in their own looking-glasses! And then, in their little puffed-up hearts, they think no more of a man than of a barn-door fowl, if he isn't a soldier. But only put a feather in his cap—red cloth and gold lace on his body—roll him tight round with a sash (the babe of glory!)—and let a long sword dangle by his side—and to woman's heart, what a dear peacock the sweet fellow is! She could follow him all over the world; his feathers are so fine, and he does strut so beautifully! And in this way, Ebenezer, do women again and again make themselves parties to war and wickedness! In their hearts, to be sure, they don't mean it. They'll faint, some of 'em, to see a cut finger; but then a review only shows the frippery of war—without the blood. The music's beautiful, and there's no call then for lint. * * * *

But let me come back—for I've wandered a long way—to the seige of Numskull, just to let you see the beauties of war. Well, the mayor, and his wife and daughters, are all embracing one another in the bedroom, when bang comes another shell, and blows away Maria and Louisa (young pretty things, that never did harm to anybody) into the next

world. Bang—bang—fall the shells! Crash goes the house, and the mayor and his wife, and three daughters, scramble down stairs, and hide in the cellar!

Now, Mr. Mayor was a great man for war, and all its glory. Yes! when full of his best port, he would give his favorite toast—"A speedy war and soon!" And wherefore? The purple-faced old ass knew nothing of war but its outside finery. The regimental band, the fifes and drums, made him feel as strong as Samson—but then he'd never had bomb-shells drop through his house, and his helpless children slaughtered under his eyes. How very differently does he now—squatted low, like a toadstool in his cellar—think of war! How does he groan, and shake, and in his misery tear his grey hair,—as he hears the hell of war roaring about him—and listens to the yells and shouts of men, like devils escaped from the burning pit, to work destruction! And now—bang—bang—his house is burst open—half the regiment of the Pennsylvanian rifles flock in—Pillage, Pillage is the cry—they tear from room to room—they descend into the cellar—they stave in pipes and hogsheads—they seize the mayor's three daughters—and (could he ever have thought it?) *now* is he grateful that Maria and Louisa, in sudden death, met a better fate. Well, the poor mayor makes a rush at one of the heroes, when his brains are knocked out by the butt-end of a musket, and the "glory" continues.

But I know your answer to this. You say, "we never suffered all this. The rascally enemy can't come to Numskull to do this wickedness ---we are safe!" Why, you stony-hearted ruffian—forgive me, for a minute, Ebenezer—is the atrocity any the less because *you* don't suffer it; is it a bit better because you send out men to do all this and endure none of the horror yourself? But, so it is, Ebenezer; you and such noodles as you, roar about the glory of war, because you've only seen a review—have only looked upon the fine glossy skin of the tiger, and have never felt its teeth and claws. True it is, you've paid taxes: and certainly, it is thought bad enough to bleed at the pocket; but, after all, 'tis not *quite* so bad as to bleed yourself, or see your wife or children bleeding on the bayonet. Purse-strings *are* delicate; but, somehow or the other, heart-strings carry it.

And therefore, Ebenezer, let me hear no more of your cock-a-doodle-doing about the splendor of war, and the grandeur of the militia. If you want to punish your fellow-creatures, arn't you a grocer and general dealer, and can't you be satisfied?

There's short-weight, adulteration, passing-off bad money,—fifty ways for you to delight the devil with; but don't treat him to the morsel of all that he best loves—war—wicked, stupid war!

And with this,

I am, Your best friend,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, *Cabman.*

War is the barbarous custom of duelling extended to nations.

War oppresses the industrious poor, to settle the disputes of the luxurious rich.

War makes desolate homes, broken hearts, widows, and orphans.